DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 197 012 UD 021 108

AUTHOR	Hyett, Barbara Helfgott, Ed.
TITLE	Perrywinkles. Poems by Children.
INSTITUTION	TryArts, Boston, Mass.
SPONS AGENCY	Massachusetts Council on the Arts and Humanities, Boston.: Office of Education (DHEW), Washington, D.C.
PUB DATE	79
NOTE	47p.: For related documents see UD 021 109 and UD 021 112.
EDRS PRICE	MF01/PC02 Plus Postage.
DESCRIPTORS	*Children: Compensatory Education: Creative Expression: *Creative Writing: Elementary Education: *Poetry: School Desegregation: Urban Schools
IDENTIFIERS	Emergency School Aid Act 1972: Massachusetts (Boston)

ABSTRACT

The poems in this anthology were written by elementary school students in the Oliver Hazard Perry School in South Boston, Massachusetts. The students were participants in a Federally funded special arts project, TryArts, which sought to stimulate self-expression by exposing children to professional artists and performers and by involving them in the creative process. The children whose poems appear in this anthology worked with Barbara Helfgott Hyett, TryArts poet-in-residence. (MK)

****
* Reproductions supplied by EDRS are the best that can be made *
* from the original document. *
****

ED197012

PERRYWINKLES

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH, EDUCATION & WELFARE
NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION

THIS DOCUMENT HAS BEEN REPRODUCED EXACTLY AS RECEIVED FROM THE PERSON OR ORGANIZATION ORIGINATING IT. POINTS OF VIEW OR OPINIONS STATED DO NOT NECESSARILY REPRESENT OFFICIAL NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION POSITION OR POLICY

"PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE THIS MATERIAL HAS BEEN GRANTED BY
Holly Sidford
Mass. Council on Arts & Humanities
TO THE EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION CENTER (ERIC)."

Poems by Children

winter - spring 1979

oliver hazard perry school
south boston, massachusetts

UD021108

EDITED BY: BARBARA HELFGOTT HYETT
TryArts POET-IN-RESIDENCE
1979

2

TryArts is an Emergency School Aid Act Special Arts Project, funded by a grant from the U.S. Office of Education, With additional support from the State Arts Council, which administers the program in conjunction with the Artists Foundation and the Cultural Education Collaborative. TryArts is at work this year in ten public and two community schools in Boston.

TryArts Director: Ann duCille

PATRONS OF THE YOUNG ARTS

The Gillette Company

Keating Materials Corp.

Ralph Lewis, Printer

White Fuel Corporation

cover design; Wendy Seller
TryArts sculptor-in-residence
1978

THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

David Finnegan, President
Kathleen Sullivan Alioto
John McDonough, Attorney
John O'Bryant
Paul Tierney, Attorney

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Robert Wood

AREA SUPERINTENDENT - DISTRICT SIX

Joseph M. McDonough

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY SCHOOL
745 East Seventh Street
South Boston, Massachusetts 02127

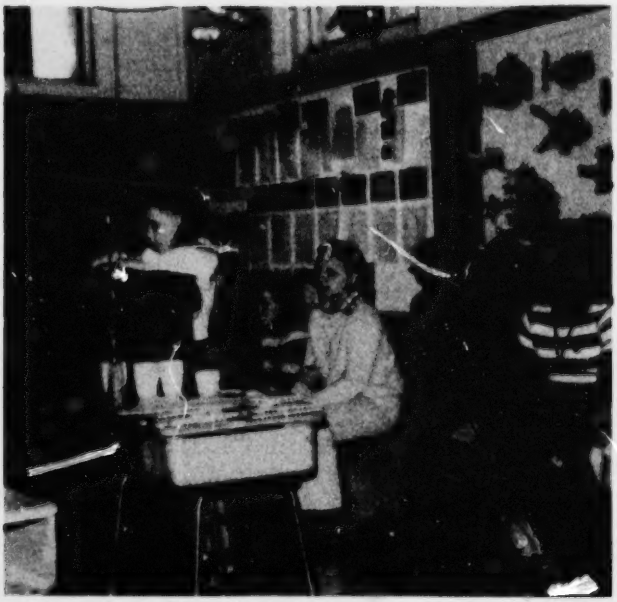
Sally M. Gorham, Principal

Sherry Brooks, TryArts
in-school coordinator

Pegged by Poetry

It is hard for me
to write poetry.
I get pegged every time.
For me, writing
is like being
behind closed doors.

David Gentile
age 10



Perrywinkles Poetry Reading

May 1, 1979

The low green doors of the Oliver Hazard Perry School overlook the sea on one side and the streets of South Boston on the others. In the school basement, near the boilers and fans, is the "fish room", where voting machines are wrapped in whale murals and pipes are slung with papier maiche sharks. Blue flounders swim the brick walls. In this aquarium, the Perrywinkles wrote poetry. This core group of children, whose poems course the first section of this book, met two days a week from winter through spring to read poems by Williams and Lorca, by Giovanni and Dickinson, and other mentors. The children studied, reached up, and invented.

Between the lines, tongues dripped strawberry juice; hands fondled Hawaiian pineapples, or shells; eyes sniffed Picasso's flowers. A globe and flashlight brought in the rained-out eclipse. A basketful of picture postcards carried travelers abroad as a record played songs of whales and Mozart. The young poets wrote and read aloud their work to a young, critical audience.

The entire school body, children kindergarten through fifth grade, met in small groups with the "poem lady" to contemplate silence or the color blue. Paper clips were treasures. A Whitman candy Sampler dwindled. Parents wrote poems and sent them to school. The Perry community burst forth with its own, rich imagery. The childrens' poems

are artful and intelligent, the poetic sensitivity so readily tapped, so willingly withdrawn that the wall-painted fish and I are round-eyed at the marvels under here.

Acrostic for Schoolchildren

Across the desk from me,
Children fish for words,
Ripe as minnows in the bait box.
Ocean roars in silence over them,
Seas blackwash the schoolyard,
Turning scales to whale skin.
I hold my breath; coax the song
Churning, spouting through.

Barbara Helfgott Hyett

Paula Sirois

CHARLIE LO GRASSO

Silence Is?

When you see the dryer is
broken
and everyone is
sleeping

and your father is not
snoring
and the baby is not
crying

and the alarm clock
doesn't
ring like a fire engine.

Radishes

Red: mean like a ball or fire
I am mean and tough
and white in the middle
like Rocky Marciano
the greatest boxer of all time
and red, like Jack Dempsey's trunks.

When I Was Four

I could fake out anyone in soccer
I knew all the moves
But give the credit to my father
he would teach you anything
because me and him play all the time
He played since he was four
he was poor but he still managed to play
soccer with a can.

Firenze

Il gondola e bella como una
rose. That's all you smell, sauce.
Gondoliers work
and sweat like water rats.
When they come home
they eat their watery meal.

age 10

JANICE HEISKELL

He and I

Skating on the ice it could not
be any nicer. Like an amateur
skating pro he jumps into the air
he skates with the music.
Around he swirls, spelling love
out on the ice. Then
he skates to me, takes me by
the hand and to the end
we skate. And to the end
we skate.

One Way of Looking at a Flower

The flower smells like expensive
perfume or the bride at a spring
wedding in the beauty of the forest.
The birds chirp
and the owls hoot in a frightful way.
The wolves howl.
There is another wedding in the forest.

Silence Every Other Day

I

Silence is wonderful but
not all the time.
You miss hearing loud voices
cars and trucks, the noise of
children's cry.

II

You Compare
the fire and water
the sand and the dirt
but did you compare
silence and noise?

III

The wind is whistling
through the crack in the door
The children are playing
on the kitchen floor.

age 12

12

KIMBERLY DONALD

Silence

Waking up in the middle of a good dream.
Reading a book to myself.
Doing pantomime.
Ghosts going to sleep,
a silent whisper.
Pitter patter of mice,
a crab running across the beach.

White Coral

I look like a snowflake that never melts
like a tree in the winter with snow
like a reindeer's antler
I'm rough with little holes in me,
bumpy like a road of bricks
I was born and grew like a plant in the ocean
I am ten years old.

The Orphan and the Strawberry

She got home from the orphanage
and her new mother gave her
a strawberry. She tasted it
a little piece at a time.
Then she put the whole thing
into her mouth and felt warm
even if it was cold she just
felt warm.

Mount Rainier, Washington

The pine trees are full of green
I'm on the horse with excited people
behind me. I hear the clip-clopping
of the horses. The water is being pushed
up to land. I look at the mountain
with snow and hear
fresh snow fall.
I feel like going
on top of the mountain.
All of us stop to rest, build
a campfire, get a feeling
inside as warm as
fire being put into me.

age 10

14

JENNIFER COLLINS

The White Shell

I am like the snow pattering in somebody's
house
decorated like a heart
shaped like a top.

Listening to the sea and sky,
dogs are playing with me as if
I were a
ball.

Now I am all alone,
just me and the gulls. They talk to me.
I talk to myself, that's the way I am.

Remembering My Cat Moe

I cut off my cat's whisker
he cried and cried
until he got a new one!
I dressed him up
in baby clothes
he cried
and cried. He kept on crying until
I took them off!

I stuck him in the doll
stroller. He cried
and he cried and he kept on crying
until I took him out!

Then he died and
this time he wasn't the one that cried
I cried and I cried and
I kept on crying until we got
a new cat, Rocky.

Sky Pitchers: a Valentine

Sometimes a right white
mountain or
a great soft polar bear
or lazy little flocks
of sheep move
on in the blue air.

The mountains tear themselves
like flocks, the bears
all melt away
the little sheep
will drift apart
in such a sudden way
and then new sheep and
mountains come.
New polar bears appear
and roll and tumble on
again up in
the skies o clear.

The polar bears would
like to get
where polar bears belong.
The mountains try
too hard to stand
in one place firm
and strong.
The little sheep
want to stop
and walk along the sky
but never may these
things be done
if we can try and try.

age 9

SEAN MALONE

The Eclipse

Once again, the moon
passes by the sun
like a star
blocked by a ball
except it's the eclipse,
a moment of the time,
like a huge cannon ball
shooting across the sky
except, every so often,
the moon passes by the sun
which makes a shivering ray
over the moon.
It's almost like another year.
Don't look at it,
you'll be blind
It's one of the best
miracles in the sky.

Coconut

My coconut bar
is like a bit of snow,
inside it's pouring brown
rainbows so bright,
like a mountain.

Peas

I'm wrapped in
the fragrance of
spring, fresh breezing
smells of spring,
a lot of friends, but
my enemies are treddling bug legs
which pop and push us,
and anyone's mouth.
My worst enemy is the knife.
Talk about me like
four men in a canoe:
I grow with spring air.

Strawberry Talk

Around four years
of the unknown summer,
some strawberries dancing
around the basket
as my mother gets the box.
I know that strawberries
cry when the basket opens.
They will try to escape,
lonely little strawberries,
feeding on sun and rain.

One day, I'll be the
same way.
I'll bet I taste
like ringing juice.

age 9

ELAINE KEANE

Gold

Little gold birds
flying along the gold sky
singing gold song
cats meowing
dogs running on gold
ground.
All things are gold:
little gold people
babies
gold children
gold hair
shining gold in
my eyes.
Gold fish
gold
gold teachers.

The Work Man

He hammers the nail
in the wall
red like a clown's nose.
Dust in his face
covered with paint,
dirt flies through the room
like little bugs,
the floor covered with tools.
A paint can falls,
splashes to the floor
like a cracked egg.
The can bangs like a bell,
his face frowns like
a dead fish, he leaves
it there for the work man
and peals the wall.

Picture Day

I wake to
the smell of coffee.
Not wanting
to move,
I walk down the cold hall.
My feet curl up.
I run to the radiator,
sit on it, jump up
like a broken balloon.

I find the mirror,
see my teeth
baby broken teeth
like dead flowers.
I cry.
Today is the worst day
of my life, Picture day.
Not wanting to get dressed,
I sit on the couch.

My mother walks in,
sees me cry,
makes me get dressed
She walks me to school.
She says,
Just don't
open your mouth.

age 11

LUCY KALADJIAN

Trapped in the House

It is a sunny morning,
Not hot enough to go swimming.
The sun never goes away.
I feel like an ice bird
while outside, the sun,
flames coming toward me
so fast that the bird melts
like ice cream.

Time to Go

I was sorry for my cousin.
Amy was so beautiful.
She was five months old
when she left America
for Lebanon.
Everytime I saw her
she used to laugh at me
and never stop moving her feet.
She used to move her head
back and forth
when I lifted her.

Picking Up the Baby When I Was Three

I am three years old
and my brother
plays outside.
I fall and hurt my knees.
My mother calls me in
the house like an angry sea.
My six day old sister
is laughing when she sees me.
I go to the bedroom
and pick her up.
She is like a butterfly.
Small as a bumblebee to me,
and my mother, like a giant.
a giant
and I am in the middle
just like when I was born.

Strawberry

Like a face with measles,
inside right red and white.
On top of the head, green hair
and the same green hat.
I'm lonely in the field
and in the field, I'm picked
cold and homeless.

age 11

DANA STRANGE

My Mother

My mother was in
the dining room, playing cards.
I think the game was queen of hearts.
She dealed out a card to herself.
She was prettier than a rose,
she had five rings on her finger
and five on her toes.
She wore earrings of all colors
and golden shoes.

At The Beach

The water is cool
The sky is blue
Everybody is having fun
I see clams and shells
I want to go swimming
Water is going two ways
Look,
the sea gulls are diving
for fish. Look, one drops
his fish but he's getting
it back. Look at all those
rocks, at those snails.

Caramel Cordial

It is yummy in my tummy
it tastes great, chewy
chocolatey
like the mountain of heaven.

Orange

I'd like to be an orange.
I almost am orange.
An orange
is smooth like me.
If I could be
an orange people
would love me.
I would be very happy
if I were an orange.

We have lots in common.
We both like to peel
our skin off.
We think we are orange.

age 9

24

RECEY TURNER

Making Love in the Kitchen With Ma

In the kitchen, washing clothes,
lifting clothes and putting
them in the machine,
rubbing her hand, moving
her face, smiling at me.
Then she wraps her arms around me
and kisses me on the cheek.

Colors

I see birds flying midnight
blue and dogs barking like
battleship gray and the bus
rising yew green and
people talking blue black
and cars driving chocolate.
an airplane making
blood red
chickens clucking
direct blue
and its egg will be white.

age 10

DAVID GENTILE

My Mother

My mother is in the kitchen
cooking breakfast.
She gets a pan,
fills it with water
takes two eggs
and puts them in. She gets
out the coffee pot and
the coffee, puts it in,
waits for a while until
it perks.
She gets the bread
and the toaster
and the butter
and puts it in
and waits
for it to toast.

Prize Pineapple

I am a pineapple
with pointy needles in my skin.
I have a green bushy stalk.
I am yellow inside
I stand up but I tilt
a little. On the bottom
of me there are weed-like
things, green weeds
like feet.

age 10

26

TINA ZARBO

If There Were No Sun

If there wasn't any sun
everything would freeze
like flowers,
they would freeze and die.
If a cat would start running
it would stop.
There wouldn't be bright
colors if there were no sun.
You couldn't drive a car
because your motor would freeze.
If there were no sun
the earth would stop turning
and the wires wouldn't have
electricity and then,
if there were no sun
I wouldn't see anything
like people, streets, cars
or the moon.

Talking To A Flower

Hello flower.
I am really sorry for laying
on top of you.
I fell asleep on the grass
and I didn't see you.
   It is O.K. as long as
   you don't crush me.
I am just like you sometimes.
I fall on the ground and hurt myself.
I know how it feels.

When I Was Five

My brother comes
and changes the channel.
So then I come
and change
it back.

It seems like
the mouse who tried
to get the cheese
but could not,

so my father comes
and changes
the channel

from "My Three Sons"
to the hockey game.

Then it was so quiet
that
I heard the wind
blowing
outside.

age 10

MARK WHITE

Red Red

Red grass growing
red sky clawing
red car riding
red blood dripping
red paper ripping
red fish swimming
red book being read
red movie playing
red tv showing
red water moving
red seaweed waving
red trees falling
red apple being eaten
red sun burning
red boys running
red girl following the boy
red baseball being hit
red football being caught
red soccerball being kicked
red dog barking
red cat.

My Aunt's House

Trees knocking on the window
I'm sleeping on a windy night
I wake up and hear a knocking noise
I jump
I jump off my bed
with my blankets and run
into the bathroom.
I feel safe in there
in the tub
and me and the tub fall
asleep.

29

age 11

KIMBERLY BRADWAY

Library

Toward the back of a library is very quiet
but it is even quieter when it's half empty
and on holidays, but the quietest time
in a library is when everyone leaves.

Lime

I taste sweet
and everyone likes me
and I am green and round
and my skin is rough.
Some people put me in tea.

I'm Sorry

I am sorry I broke the glass.
It slipped out of my hand
when I was washing the dishes
yesterday.
Some pieces fell in the sink
by accident.
Please forgive me.
Thank you.

age 11

BERNADETTE MIRISOLA

Sea Blue

I am in the forest
it is so hot
all in the sudden
I see sea blue
I see sea blue grass
I go home and all the houses
are sea blue
inside by house is sea blue
I see my hair and it is
sea blue
I look at my teeth
and they are sea blue
I squeeze a tube of paste
and it is squeezed blue.

Here I am

Here I am, part of Italy,
sitting next to a waterfall.
The water is falling like icicles
and there is a statue
of a man crouching down.
He is ready to stab the plants.
The war is over
and the water falls,
beautifully. CHE BELLA.

age 11

PAUL REDDEN

Talking To A Mountain

"Hello Paul." Who are you?
"The mountain, up here stupid."
Don't call me stupid
you PILE OF SNOW.
Hey, let's talk, you PILE OF SNOW.
"Don't call me a pile of snow."
What do you want to talk about
you, you PILE OF SNOW?
"For the last time, don't
call me that.
I won't let you climb on me."

The Memory

I was three years old
My mother gave me a cookie
I looked at it
It tasted like chocolate chip
I said I didn't like it
She took it. Then I went
over to play with Robbie
but he wasn't home
I went back home
and played in all day
I played a game
I won
Then I ate dinner.

age 8

32

HEIDI WEINERS

Beryl Blue

all the things blue
aquarium blue
marine blue powder blue
cats dogs blue
all the things blue
dahlia blue lavender blue
blue birds hair blue
the blue blackboard.

I'd Love the Sun Forever

I would love the sun
forever, but I'd
get burned to a crisp
and I'd have day
all the time. I'd
never know what time
it was. I wouldn't
know what time to go
to school, and I wouldn't
know what time
to eat.

The Tired Old Whale

I am old and droopy
and tired. So old my tail
is slipping and I
am colder than ice.
Water is spouting and
shooting and here I
go again.

age 9

Maine

Snowy grounds, blue skies
the church sings
with the trees.
The children run
all with cherry faces
and mothers with
their babies.
The fathers fix
the crack on the bell.
The baby cries
for the bottle has fallen
for the wind is blowing
the trees.
The priest prays
for sun.
The sisters
sing for flowers.
A baby is born.

Elaine Keane
age 11

Mexico

I wish I was a tree.
I wish I was a lady.
I wish I was an old lady.
I wish I was an old lady walking
down the street with a cane
and an old man.

Nina Bouyer
age 8

My Hamsters

I had five hamsters:
two got flushed down the toilet,
one slid off the roof, another one
got hit with a broom by my mother
by mistake.
I'm lucky I still have one.

Christopher McBrayer
age 8

The Dog

He's off, home to Roxbury
and the brown door.
My sisters are playing
checkers so he talks softly.

Daniel Simmons
age 8

Skippy the Dog

Skippy is my dog. He skips
over blocks. He kisses my face.
He digs up holes and gives me his paw
and sometimes my mother thinks
she wants to get rid of him.

Michael Krilevich
age 8

Green Fish

He just lays down
on the bottom
sometimes
he goes
plunk
plunk.

Albert Martin
age 8

I'm Sorry I Slapped You

I'm sorry I slapped you, Cheryl
and it'll never happen again.
Mom, I'm sorry I lost your earrings
and it'll never happen again.
Dad, I'm sorry I lost your pen.
Christine, I'm sorry to bug you
when you were talking to Michelle.
Jamie, I'm sorry I yelled at you
and it'll never happen again.

Kim Conley
age 12

My Brother Was Bothering Me

My brother was bothering me about
my homework so he ran
in the other room so I
threw my pen at him
and it stuck in his neck
I'm sorry.

Brendan Baker
age 10

Matching Penalties

I was skating along the ice
when the puck was on the blade of my stick
and you, hockey-hacker, slashed me
with your stick and it hit my skates.
So I hit you back
and we went out on a penalty
and I wasn't sorry either.

Charlie LoGrasso
age 10

WHALES

Kim's Quiet Whale

Whales are very quiet
when they swim at night.
But at my house, it's different.
My sister roller skates
in the kitchen.

Kim Drake
age 10

I Pedal My Fin

I pedal my fin through the thin sea
and I always say whoopee
and I lay on the sand
and I land in the sea.
And what's the difference
between a person and me?
I've got a fin.
I live in the sea.

Sean Malone
age 9

Whale Sing

Where are you whale?
I can hear you sing
love song,
like a drum beating
very hard on a sea shell.
Sing louder to the fish.
Sing louder to me.

Bernadette Mirisola
age 11

No Whales

instead of a whale singing
I think of a plane making sounds
like a whale singing. Or
a bus coming closer to a bus stop.
Or a department store
around Christmas time.

Brendan Baker
age 10

Whales

one whale left
a small whale
in the ocean
like one big
marble
on the floor.

Mark White
age 11

What if

What if there
were no whales
it would be very quiet
in the sea
there would not be
any singing
no sounds at all
all you would hear
is the water
making sharp waves.

Maryanne Campbell
age 9

STARS

"Stars taste like glue."
Dorsey Connolly
age 9

A Golden Star

I loved the gift you gave me,
the sharp ends.
I'll keep it all my life.
It reminds me of you.
Joyce Mirisola
age 9

Talking to the Sun

Hey, Charisse, why so angry?

Because you don't shine
on Boston.

The sun gets bright.
The street turns yellow.
At night, it goes away.
The moon is out, shining
a little bit.
Charisse Carter
age 10

I am on the Sun

It is hot
but I have no choice.
It is nice in the winter
because the sun doesn't shine.
Dawn Dingee
age 9

Silent Sun

It comes out and it goes
it shines after a spring shower
it opens petals of a nice flower
it makes the grass green
where the children play tag
with the dog who's chasing them
The children go in
the dog goes in
the sun goes in and the night begins.

Lisa Hellen
age 11

No Night

If there were no night
I'd never go to bed no
dogs barking at night no
windows rattling no
clanging of tin cans
no cars skidding around the block
no motor bikes varooming
no big kids breaking bottles
no slamming mail boxes no
people yelling no
bells ringing no
telephones no
lights burning no
owls hooting.

David Gentile
age 10

SILENCE

Imagine

Imagine you're in a
glass building
at the top and no one
is on the top floor
except you and your friend
and it's as quiet as a
snail.

Paul Carew
age 9

When I Wake Up

When I wake up and rub
my eyes, I check if
everybody is sleeping.
Then I comb my hair.
When I look out
the window I see that
the birds
are not making a sound.

Mark Lee
age 10

A Silent Night

A Silent night
is when the snow falls
under the water,
when the world is empty.
There's no one in it but you.

Karen Sheppard
age 10

My Bathroom

My bathroom is very quiet.
When I get a headache
I go in there,
lock the door,
lie down in the bathtub
and rest.
I don't hear nothing.

Joyce Mirisola
age 9

I Never Hear

I never hear snow
I never hear a frog
I never hear a mouse
I never hear the color red,
the clouds. I never hear
wave.

Kelley Fanning
age 9

The Noisiest Bird

In the morning when I uncover my bird
by talking, he teases my father.
But in the night, when I cover him up
he goes to sleep and it is peaceful.
But when he wakes up in the morning
he makes a racket. He must be
the noisiest bird in the world.

Chrissy Furkart
age 8

A Girl

a girl is lemon yellow
a fish is gold yellow
a boat is amber yellow
a sun is jonquil
and I'm liver brown.

Sharon Oliver
age 10

Peach

I like just plain peach
when romance came
from a list
I picked the color
which made the word.
The word is romance:
moon light peach.

Debbie Ronca
age 9

Brown

Brown in the cutest in town
it smells
like a candy bar
brown's my color
all children
love all
brown
children
wear brown
to school
even the teacher
Brown's my color.

Todd Holland
age 9

I like red blue green yellow white and orange or navy blue, cherry, wine red, apple green and flesh.

Joanne Padula
age 8

Oxford Gray

One day when I was playing
football, something suddenly
happened. The whole street,
the whole world was oxford gray.
The airport was oxford gray
and my father was coming home on a TWA
I thought it was going to crash
but it didn't. I was lucky,
and the paper, dogs, waves, people,
flag, books, cars, trains and brains
were oxford gray. It was so spooky,
I fainted OXFORD GRAY.

Billy Toland
age 10

I wish the world turned blue.
The fish is blue. The fish jumps.
The dog is blue. It barks.
The cats are blue. They go to sleep.
The rock
throws itself at the flowers.
A tree falls
and the grass is blue.

Daniel Connolly
age 10

Ink Black

Ink black school
black bike
black room, ink
black.

Michael Rowen
age 10

Maroon sky maroon ground maroon fish,
maroon is a very color,
full. My friend Debbie
likes maroon. Debbie's room is maroon.
My brother's room is too.

Donna MacDonald
age 10

COLLABORATIONS

GRADE ONE
Ms. Ellis

A Conversation of Whales

We like our sons.
We like our children and our fathers.
Mothers look for daughters
who are at school,
learning to fish,
to read the rocks and shells.
Sand goes back and forth.
A fish with wings flies home.
Crabs and lobsters, turtles
sharks and blue whales sing:

If I perish,
flee, flee, flee.

GRADE ONE
Ms. Brooks

Eating Strawberries

Delicious red, with pimples.
Good.
The root is green and juicy,
the berry, white.

We should have had carrots.
I feel like a horse.
I should eat some more.

My berry of straw
tickles me under my rocks.
It came from Jamaica
in one thousand
million ton trucks.

I hate 'em.

GRADE TWO
Ms. Galavan

Song of the Cow Whale

Sound, like a cow crying craaaw.
A lullaby to her babies,
asleep on her tail,
asleep on her pointed teeth.
The ocean waves and blues.
A treasure chest,
fish in a sunken wreck.
The sea gull tries to eat,
to walk on water.
The whale sings so soft
that the sea shakes
and calms.

Matzoh

Crunch. Lumpy with holes, Holy
squares and lines. Smooth sailing.
It tastes like royal bread,
like baked soft bread.
It smells of nothing, like coffee,
like saltines without salt.
Brown, white, yellow full
of tastes, of luck.
Dry as a desert, no water,
a hint of apple, far away.

I Like to See War

I like to see war
movies on tv. The first
best thing is when they
fall off the horses. The
second best is when
they shoot them
they die and sometimes
they live. The third
best thing is they kill
the Indians. Sometimes
they kill the cowboys and
sometimes they lose and
sometimes they both win.

I want to know, who wins?

(this is the best
poem that I ever did).

Vincent Russo
age 8

47